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January 3, 1963 - Thursday

Because of the strike, there have been no newspapers in New York for weeks. Consequently, one must rely on radio, television, or conversation for information. The earliest morning dope from the telephone board is that it will be sunny in New York, with the temperature in the upper thirties. The Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington journals arrive about ten o'clock, and are eagerly seized upon by citizens wanting to know what is happening in New York.

Ellen and Jim are in Palm Beach.

I bought at Dale's a combination lock, small case for Al Wells. One can undo these locks in the dark, which is not exclusive for suitcases. Then, I purchased an electric toothbrush apparatus, said to be a time saver. Later, I was transported in a glittering Rolls Royce to the Blairs at One Sutton Place. Meanwhile, at The Brook, I [redacted] talked with Jim Durbin, President of Barber Oil Co., and Andy Butler about investments. Jessie and George Widener came to the Blairs; George, the gentlest and nicest of men, told me I could shoot quail whenever I wished on his place in South Carolina. My old friend Wolcott has not had a drink of alcohol for two years--what a change from the days when he was called "Bollinger" Blair, Charlie Winn was "Burgundy" Winn, and I was "Bordeaux" Bruce.

In the foyer at 1 Sutton Place I ran successively into Isa Potocki, Marian Hall, and Nin Ryan.

Dined with Gussie Paine, President of The Brook, and Mr. Humphrey. Had a superb broiled kidney, after refraining from eating my favorite rich dish there--turtle fins. Will my digestive facilities ever betray me? I do abuse them, but they seem amenable to my exactions.

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